

THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

VOL. III.]

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[No. 26.]

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

PERSECUTION.

WHILE attentively reviewing the transactions recorded of our race, our minds are variously affected with pleasure and pain, with admiration and indifference, with pity and indignation. We are presented with a view of human nature in all its excellencies and in all its imperfections. At one time, we behold man ennobling and dignifying his nature by cultivating the mental faculties, calming the tempests and felicitating the voyage of life by cherishing the social affections, full of vigour, splendour and joy. At another, he is seen grovelling under the influence of his passions, sunk in ignorance and superstition, or languishing beneath the weight of oppression. Here every shoot of genius is withered, every spark of enterprise extinguished, every effort of the imagination stifled.

It is in this state of ignorance and degeneracy, when the human mind is clouded in the mists of prejudice, that we must look for the origin of those laws and customs, which, for their absurdities, merit our indignation; and which have produced the most terrible scenes of horror, cruelty, and desolation ever exhibited on the theatre of the political world. At different periods, attempts have been made, by the interposition of civil authority, to regulate speculative opinion. How inconsistent a being is man, when under the influences of superstition! How absurd in his actions! What could be a greater violation on the province of reason, than an endeavor to control, by extraneous force, the internal operations of the mind? Shall that living principle, that vital spark, which animates the human frame and governs all its motions cease to act, or change its ideal train, at the nod of tyrannic sway? As well may despotic power raise its terrific sceptre, and say to the billowy ocean, "thus far shalt thou go and no farther," as to the human mind, this shall be thy sentiment and no other. The body may be enslaved and subjected to the command of a tyrant, but the spirit still continues its operations; still is free from all restraint. The light of truth and reason may be suppressed for a while, but it cannot be extinguished. Its progress is slow, but its force irresistible.

Even in the gloomy days of papal supremacy, when all Europe was enveloped in that darkness, which overspread those unhappy ages, some of its gleams could faintly be discerned by the solitary philosophic wanderer. The clouds were, at length, dispelled from the political horizon, and it burst with the brightest lustre upon the world. All nations now enjoy in a greater, or less degree the benign influence of its rays. Long anterior to this period, the most rigid authority was unremittingly exerted, which has since been continued, though with less violence,

for a conformity of opinion in matters of speculation. To suppose, that this can be effected, while man remains in his frail, imperfect state, is the height of folly and absurdity. It is a dream, a phantom of the imagination. But to accomplish this fanciful thing, no means were thought too vigorous to be used, no terrors too great to be employed, no tortures too excruciating to be inflicted. Science has been deprived of its most distinguished votaries, cut off by the unrelenting hand of persecution, in the beginning of their career; religion has bewailed the untimely fate of her firmest supporters; humanity has been bereaved of its brightest ornaments.

For instances of the fatal effects, which have followed this spirit of intolerance, we need not revert to remote antiquity, and trace its progress through all the mazes and extravagances of heathen idolatry; but the eye of curiosity will be satiated and the stoutest heart recoil at the scenes, which have been acted, long since the era of our holy religion. View the wild fanaticism of those unhappy zealots, who became converts to the delusions of Mahomet. See, them, filled with an infuriate zeal for propagating their faith, spreading, rapid as the whelming torrent and terrible as the destructive tornado, equally over the lofty mountains of Syria and the fertile vales of Egypt, over the diversified regions of Persia and the scorching deserts of Arabia. Conversion, tribute, or death, were the only terms offered. To fertilize the soil with the slain bodies of unbelievers, was not sufficient to satiate their thirst of carnage; but the inestimable treasures of science, the collected literature of ages, was made fuel for the flames, in obedience to the command of Omar. But these deluded enthusiasts were not alone the scourge of the human race, in striving to disseminate their principles by terror and by force, even those, who professed themselves followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, who professed themselves believers in that religion, which is an emanation of Deity himself, which teacheth charity and forbearance and long-suffering, have stained their hands in the blood of innocence, by enlisting under the banners of persecution. What intolerant zeal of Mahometan enthusiasm could equal that, which marked the christians of the 12th century? What violent persecutions of ancient superstition could be compared to those, which were exhibited at the period of the reformation? What horrid cruelties of savage barbarity could surpass the refined tortures of the Roman Catholic inquisition? At a review of these scenes, which paint, in the most lively colours, the depravity of human nature, the eye of sensibility may drop a tear; but the intelligent mind will be cheered with the pleasing consideration, that their terrors are gradually subsiding, and the happy era may be expected, when society shall experience an end of their convulsions. The Papal hierarchy, that prodigy of human frailty, that seat of iniquity, which has so long triumphed over rea-

son, is now humbled with the dust. The sovereign pontiff, instead of beholding kings and emperors kneel at his feet, now bows obsequious to the nod of a Corsican. His crimes and enormities have already called down upon his devoted head, the wrath of that God, who has said "vengeance is mine, I will repay."

JASON.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

PASSION AND PREJUDICE.

PASSION and Prejudice are the principal directors of human actions. They are the foundation, on which many of our opinions are formed, and are always greatly concerned in our discussion of important subjects. Reason succeeds to regulate the conduct of few, and even here is often compelled to yield to superior power. The violent contentions in religion and policy, which have caused man, to glory in the death of his fellow, were not the offspring of solid reasoning and a mind disposed to plead the cause of humanity. "Nation has risen up against nation," and a kingdom loudly demanded justice, when none knew that offence had been given, or considered that they were gloriously contending for trifles. Inconsistencies unworthy rational beings, have been esteemed sacred as truth, and more valuable, than life. Crimes of the deepest die have received the colourings of uncommon virtue, and real acts of benevolence obtained the reward of iniquity. Among people of different sentiments, beauty is changed into deformity and piety into hypocrisy. The mind influenced by prejudice, or governed by passion, can behold nothing commendable, nothing praiseworthy, in persons, who agree not with her in opinion, and walk not according to her ideas of rectitude. The Inquisitor calmly views the inhuman torture of the agonizing heretic, and generously proposes to relieve his sufferings, on condition, he will renounce those principles, which are the only assurance of future felicity. He deliberately murders his neighbour, and calls it lenity; he revels in the blood of the guiltless, and is delighted with the cries of the innocent. Can the mind conceive a man, ever actuated by reason, or guided by its dictates, who appears so callous to the tender feelings of the human breast, so blinded by gross superstition? But while condemning the bigotry of a particular sect, let us consider how little the conduct of mankind, in general, is governed by mature reflection. "The impulse of the moment" will be found to direct the most weighty concerns. A slight disgust excited against an individual, or community, is sufficient to justify the greatest violence, and render all, against whom it is raised, undeserving the least confidence. Commotions in government seldom arise from a well-grounded expectation of meliorating the condition of those concerned. Some unpopular measure affords an opportunity for the ambitious, or designing to in-

flame the minds of the multitude, to loosen the bands of society, and hasten the triumph of anarchy. The goodness of a cause is not estimated by its intrinsic merits, but according to the character, or abilities of its supporters. Hence the absurdities of a Locke, or Newton, like self-evident propositions, are sooner assented to, than demonstrative truths from the pen of an unknown writer. Thus man, endued with reason, through prejudice is led into the mazes of superstition, and taken in captivity by passion, is driven as the waves of the ocean.

N.

SELECTIONS.

TENDER MELANCHOLY.

FROM DRAKE'S LITERARY HOURS.

Can music's voice, can beauty's eye,
Can painting's glowing hand supply
A charm so suited to my mind,
As blows this hollow gust of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill,
Soft trickling down the moss-grown hill,
While thro' the west where sinks the crimson day
Meek twilight slowly falls, and waves her banners grey?

MASON.

TO meliorate the sufferings of unmerited calamity, to enable us to bear up against the pressure of detraction, and the wreck of ties the most endearing, benevolent Providence hath wisely mingled, in the cup of sorrow, drops of a sweet and soothing nature. If, when the burst of passion dies away; if, when the violence of grief abates, rectitude of conduct, and just feeling be possessed, recollection points not the arrow of misfortune, it adds not the horrors of guilt; no, it gives birth to sensations the most pleasing, sweet, though full of sorrow, melancholy, yet delightful, which soften and which calm the mind, which heal, and pour balm into the wounded spirit. The man, whose efforts have been liberal and industrious, deserving, though unfortunate, whom poverty and oppression, whom calumny and ingratitude have brought low, feels, whilst conscious innocence dilates his breast, that secret gratulation, that self-approving and that honest pride which fits him to sustain the pangs of want and of neglect; he finds, amid the bitterest misfortunes, that virtue still can whisper peace, can comfort, and can bid the wretched smile. Thus even where penury and distress put on their sternest features, and where the necessities of life are, with difficulty, procured, even here are found those dear emotions which arise from purity of thought and action; emotions from whose influence no misery can take away, from whose claim to possession no tyrant can detract, which the guilty being deprived of, sicken and despair, and which he who holds fast, is comparatively blest.

But where the mind has been liberally and elegantly cultivated, where much sensibility and strength of passion are present, and the misfortunes occurring, turn upon the loss of some tender and beloved connexion, in this case, what may be called the luxury of grief is more fully and exquisitely displayed. That mild and gentle sorrow, which, in the bosom of the good, and of the feeling, succeeds the strong energies of grief, is of a nature so soothing and grateful, so friendly to the soft emotions of the soul, that those, whose friendship, or whose love the hand of fate has severed, de-

light in the indulgence of reflections which lead to past endearment, which, dwelling on the virtues, the perfections of the dead, breathe the pure spirit of melancholy enthusiasm.

ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn of her, whom long he loved,
So often fills his arms, so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh, he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooth,
With virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.

AKENSIDE.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER AND EXERCISES OF MISS A. D.

"RELIGION," says one of its most distinguished champions and ornaments, "dispenfes its choicest cordials in the seasons of exigence, in poverty, in exile, in sickness, and in death." It can not only refine and elevate all earthly enjoyments, but supply their loss. It can do more. It can convert the greatest outward calamities into positive, substantial, everlasting blessings. Nor can any thing be more truly honourable to the gospel and grace of our DIVINE REDEEMER, than the sweet peace and cheerfulness with which they have inspired thousands, on whom a thoughtless world has looked down with pity, mixed with horror.

Among these happy sufferers, few occupy a more conspicuous place, than Miss A. D. a young woman recently deceased. For several of the last years of her life, she was confined by a complication of maladies, to a bed of unutterable, and almost unparalleled distress. In the early period of her sickness, she seemed a stranger to religion, and its comforts. But between two and three years previous to her decease, she exhibited a remarkable revolution in her sentiments and feelings. Of this happy change, her afflictions were, under the divine blessing, the principal instrument. Under their pressure, she was led into very distinct and evangelical views of the evil of sin, the depravity of her heart, the glory of the Redeemer, and the infinite worth of gospel blessings. Her heart seemed gradually moulded into a temper of sweet submission to the divine will, of humble confidence in the divine mercy, and of joyful complacency in the perfections and government of God. Often, in the latter years of life, did she express her wonder and astonishment at her former insensibility, at the patience of God in waiting thus long upon her, and at the overflowings of that condescension and goodness, which could pardon and save one so unworthy and vile as she. Her patience, serenity, and even cheerfulness under her sufferings (her pain being, for years, literally without intermission) were remarkable indeed. Some, who familiarly knew, and often visited her, have declared, that they never witnessed a solitary instance of impatience, manifested either by her countenance or lips. Not unfrequently, when every nerve of her frame was agitated by extremity of pain, and when her bed trembled underneath her, has she conversed at length on religion, and on the many mercies vouchsafed her, without once averting to her sufferings. It was remarkable that some of her best enjoyments seemed to occur in seasons of this kind. She once remarked to a friend, that for a few preceding days, she had enjoyed a sweeter sa-

vor of divine things, than ever before. "Every thing," she said, "seemed sweet. Oh," she exclaimed, "there was such a sweetness in Jesus! My soul ran out in love to a chastening God, and rejoiced in him! He was in all. Oh, that all would praise him! My soul delights in him. Oh," she added, "my body was filled with pain, but my soul was more filled with comfort. Compared to one view of such glories, and the enjoyment of one half hour's communion with God, these afflictions are not worth mentioning, ought not to be named; nay, are not worthy to have a thought of them pass through the mind. Oh," said she, "entertain high and honorable thoughts of God concerning this thing. I now place this distress among my choicest mercies." Soon after her happy change, she said to a friend; "How many nights have I kept myself awake in thinking on, and pursuing the vanities of the world; and it is but just that I should now be kept awake, and smart for it." When exercised with excruciating pain in her side, she once said; "I have been thinking that my side was only pierced with pain, but Christ's side with a spear. My smart cannot benefit others; but by Christ's stripes are many healed." She added, that though health was such a great blessing, yet if her's could be restored, and she must in that case be as vain and as worldly as she was once, she would greatly prefer her present painful situation. On another occasion, she remarked, that she had experienced more enjoyment on her sick bed, than in all the former years of her life. On a certain occasion, she said to a friend, that in the night season, she was in an agony of distress, and much wished for half an hour of sleep; but immediately a new thought arose; O, how good was God to permit her to lie awake, and contemplate on his perfections! O, it was sweeter than sleep. At another time after a night of excruciating distress, she said, "For a few hours my room was a little heaven. Oh, it was sweet being awake, and receiving pain from such a hand. Oh, how the glory, power and goodness of God shine in this affliction. Once I saw no goodness in it; but now, the sharper the pain, the brighter his goodness appears." In another season of exquisite suffering, she expressed herself thus: "When one pain is gone, I can welcome another. My heavenly Father waves his rod over my body, but smiles upon my soul."

She frequently manifested a very tender anxiety lest any should think the less honorably of God and religion, on account of her sufferings. Two of her friends having watched with her in a night of remarkable distress, one remarked to the other, that probably she had suffered more than martyrdom that night. This she overheard; and in a feeble and very affecting manner said, "O do not think hard of God on account of my sufferings. Think how great the consolations are which he affords me. He might justly send all these afflictions, and none of the consolations. The one I deserve, and the other I do not. He is good, He is kind."

She often expressed a lively concern for the honour and prosperity of religion. She manifested a most tender pity for the multitudes around her, who lived without its blessings, and an ardent desire that they might taste and see that the Lord is good. Whatever tended to bring reproach on the name of Christ, gave her great pain. She frequently mourned over the cold-

ness of christians, and most of all, over her own.

She was remarkable for speaking of divine things in a manner equally distant from levity and ostentation, and which showed that her very heart was penetrated by what she uttered. Amid her highest consolations, she seemed deeply sensible of her unworthiness. Being asked a few weeks before she died, how death appeared, she replied: "It is a solemn thing to die: I wish to examine myself; but I cannot make the thought seem terrifying." At other times, she expressed great desires to die. She was once heard thus to express herself in prayer: "Why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming? hasten them in thy time." Still adding, "not my will, but thine be done." At another time, she told a friend that a few nights before, she viewed herself upon the verge of eternity, and it was delightful entering. Being asked, what made it most delightful, she replied, "the glory, and the holiness—to be freed from a body of sin;" and added, "Christ is precious." She once declared, that the night preceding, her distress was very severe; but the glory, holiness and justice of God seemed so clear, that it was sweetly consoling to her mind; and it seemed a favour to be kept awake, and contemplate upon his justice; and the sharper her pains, the more faithful his character appeared, and the stronger was the evidence of his love. "I long," said she, "to die; but feel willing to live and suffer." When death actually came on, her distress and weakness were such that she could say but little: yet that little manifested her mind to be in the same humble, tranquil, cheerful frame as ever; till, with scarce a struggle or a groan, she yielded up her spirit into the hand of her God.

The writer of the above enjoyed the privilege of frequently witnessing the piety, the sufferings and consolations of this highly favoured young woman. He offers this imperfect sketch, in the hope that so animating a testimony to the truth and excellence of religion, may be instrumental in confirming the faith of the Christian, and producing some salutary impression on the mind of every reader.

[Panoplist.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

BURNS.

BURNS is one of the few authors, whom I am never too weary or too idle to read. Why does the Ayrshire bard always charm? To what is it owing, that the oftener I read the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, the more my kindly, gentle affections ripen, and refine. Learning he most certainly wanted; but as Dryden said of "Nature's darling child," the immortal bard of Avon, Burns needed not the spectacle of books to read nature. He looked inwards and he found her there. God had also given him a soul, which the heavy, reluctant clouds of low birth and narrow fortune could not darken.

Could blow the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glented forth
Amid the storm.

Burns is so different from any of his contemporaries, that if I were required to point out a poet, who in any two respects resembles him, I should hesitate long, I fear to no purpose.—Bruce may perhaps be more tender and delicate; but he moves no laughter; he thrills

no horror; his wit is filtered through too much learning; it trickles meagre and rapid. His sublimity is always debased by some circumstance of meanness. I do not say that Bruce wants genius: far from it; he does not want it. He is full of genius. His poetry glows with the warmest words, and sparkles with the brightest thoughts of a warm, glowing imagination, of a bright, sparkling fancy.

Compared with Burns, Cowper dwindles—I am almost afraid to speak my opinion; the ink hardly moves through my pen; it turns pale and seems to sicken when I say, that compared with Burns, Cowper shrinks into nothing. The Nine may have loved Cowper as well as Burns. Indeed, their affection for the former was at first tenderer, perhaps warmer, than for the latter; but fondness is poorly repaid. Love is sordidly rewarded with esteem or respect. Love, unless it kindles love, flashes, and is gone forever.—Fondness, unless it excite fondness, soon deadens into indifference. What were the awkward, ceremonious bows of Cowper, compared to the "feltering, ardent kisses" of Burns? What were a modest, timorous Englishman's professions of regard, compared to the feelings of an open, honest Scotchman, who, in protestations of gratitude, sighed his very soul?

(*Anthology.*)

The following beautiful, solemn, and impressive Hymn, extracted from CARR's Northern Summer, is said to be recited over the dead body of a Russian, previous to its inhumation.

"Oh! what is life? a blossom! a vapour or dew of the morning! Approach and contemplate the grave. Where now is the graceful form! where is youth! where the organs of fight! and where the beauty of complexion!

"What lamentation and wailing, and mourning and struggling, when the soul is separated from the body! Human life seems altogether vanity! a transient shadow; the *sleep of error*; the *unavailing labour of imagined existence*—let us therefore fly from every corruption of the world, that we may inherit the kingdom of heaven.

"Thou mother of the sun that never sets; Parent of God, we beseech thee, intercede with thy divine offspring, that he who hath departed hence, may enjoy repose with the souls of the just. Unblemished Virgin! may he enjoy the eternal inheritance of heaven, in the abodes of the righteous."

On Self-Examination.

I HAVE somewhere read an account of the doctrine of the Pythagorean sect of Philosophers, wherein they asserted, That the way to grow wiser and advance in the path of virtue, was to call themselves to a strict account every evening, by three times running over the actions and affairs the day past; and carefully examining what their conduct has been; what duties they had performed, or what neglected what good they had learned, or what evil they had overcome the preceding day. We have no reason to doubt, but this practice was productive of very great advantages to those who scrupulously adhered to it: But in this enlightened age, we have too much cause to fear, that it is a doctrine too little practiced, though perhaps generally assented to.

Boston Cent.

TO OUR PATRONS.

THIS number completes the third volume of the Literary Tablet, and with it, the Edi-

tor wholly resigns the management of the work. It will now pass into other hands, be conducted, we trust, with superior genius and attention, and receive a more liberal and extensive patronage. The Editor cheerfully employs the present occasion to express his gratitude to all, who have contributed to the improvement, or support of this little Miscellany. He acknowledges himself greatly indebted to a number of literary friends, whose valuable essays have frequently adorned the columns of the Tablet; and he hopes their endeavors to repel vice, to afford harmless entertainment, to cherish a fondness for general and classic literature, and to promote the noble cause of virtue and piety, have not proved unsuccessful.

N. ORLANDO.

LAST NOTICE.

The Editor's unsettled accounts for the 3d volume of the Literary Tablet, will, in a few weeks, be left with an Attorney for collection.

✂ The publication of the fourth volume of the Literary Tablet, will begin, it is expected, on or before the first of Oct. next.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

LINES to a Female Friend.

MY ROSALINDA, you have truly shewn
The narrow path, which Wisdom calls her own;
ROSELLA reads, and cannot but approve
This pleasant path, which leads to joys above.
Ah why, my dear, shall fancy, false and gay,
Paint to our eager hopes a beauteous way,
Strew'd with delusive pleasure's painted flow'rs?
(Fluck'd ere the sun had gain'd his noon-tide hours.)

These flow'rs alas! were strewn but to allure
The thoughtless youth, and slightly to obscure
The fatal thorns, which ever lie conceal'd
Just from the sight, in pleasure's painted field.
Shall empty fashion, compliment and dress
Employ our time, our noble pow'rs possess?
O, banish'd be the thought of such misuse
Of time and talents, and such vile abuse
Of every pow'r, which Heav'n might deign to
lend,

To lessen woes, or happiness befriend.
Employ them not, in such ignoble ways,
To mimic fools, O, rather scorn their praise.
May all our views from nobler aims proceed,
And every thought be mark'd with virtuous
deeds.

May pure benevolence our actions guide,
Each friendly feeling be to us allied;
May each refined sentiment of Worth
Call genuine rapture and true transport forth.
May Heaven-born Wisdom, with her placid
mein,

Inviting aspect, cheerful brow serene,
Allure our souls to her divine embrace;
T' admire and imitate her matchless grace.
Her beauteous form, may we e'er keep in view,
Her cautious steps and narrow path pursue,
Until her blissful mansions, we shall gain,
Where love and joy with her in concert reign.
In her fair presence, be our fix'd abode,
When all terrestrial things shall be destroyed.

ROSELLA.

SELECTED POETRY.

SONNET.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

What scenes of sorrow wake the soul to pain,
What floods of anguish cloud the sick'ning eye!
O Sons of Pity! pour the melting strain,
O Sons of Pity! heave the plaintive sigh!
For cold is he, the youth of graceful frame,
Whose deed of mercy spoke the feeling mind,
To whose warm breast were friendship's hal-
low'd flame,
The Bard's wild fancy and his fire assign'd:

Say, gentle Spirit! whither art thou fled,
To what pale region of the silent dead?
Yet why enquire? where some sweet season
blows,
Sure Grief shall smile, and Friendship breathe
her vows,
Despair grow mild, Distraction cease to rave,
And Love once more shall clasp the form he
gave. [Drake's Lit. Hours.

From the Massachusetts Magazine.

THE ROSE.

Go look at yon bud of the morn,
At noon its full beauties furvey,
At night you will find but the thorn,
So beauty and bloom must decay.

Though she, like this rose bud disclose,
Those sweets which the world must admire,
Though her beauties expand like the rose,
Yet they, like the rose, must expire.

What then shall engage my fond heart,
When the roses and lilies are gone?
What then shall new passion impart,
When the loves and the graces are flown?

The Virtues the Loves shall ensue,
The Graces retire to her mind;
Old time what he spoils shall renew,
In the soul and the manners refin'd.

Though he rifles the charms of her face,
Though the auburn he plucks from her head,
Though he steals from each feature its grace,
Yet the Virtues he'll plant in their stead;

That Love which from gratitude flows
And increases the longer we live;
That contentment which piety knows,
And that peace which the world cannot give.

The thefts of old time I'll not dread,
Though the charms of her face should depart,
If in scattering snow on her head,
Its influence reach not to her heart.

If the hand which destroys every grace,
Each expression of soul has impress'd,
If I read in each line of her face
The sensations which throb at her breast.

The roses and lilies may fade,
The lustre depart from her eye,
The Auburn may fall from her head,
And the loves from her person may fly.

From the COMPANION.

O! how lovely smiles the morning,
When no care the bosom knows;

But alas! how dark and frowning,
When the heart is fraught with woes.

View the wretched mother languish,
Doom'd from her lov'd home to sigh;
What can heal her heart's sad anguish?
What bring gladness to her eye?

Bounteous Nature's choicest treasures
Cannot one fond joy impart;
Nor can all the world's vain pleasures
Give sweet solace to her heart.

Happy they, on whom the morning
Smiles unclouded by despair;
Pleasure all the scene adorning,
Pleasure unalloy'd by care.

AN EPITAPH.—By Prior.

*"Stet cuiusque volet potens**"Aula culmine lubrico," &c. SENEC.*

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd and eat, good folks: what then;
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They foundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day:
And, having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.
Their morals and æconomy
Most perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid;
So every servant took his course;
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt;
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know;
So never made themselves a foe,
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store;
Nor barn nor house did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded:
Each Christmas they accords did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year:
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy;
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wife;
They would not learn, nor could advise;
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd nor cried,
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

REAPING SONG.

I.

NOW, when summer fruits are over,
Yellow harvest smiles again;
Mown the hay and stack'd the clover,
Every field is bright with grain.

II.

Ply the fickle, merry Reapers,
Soon as peeps the cheerful morn;
Come betimes, and shame the sleepers,
Snoring with their shutters drawn.

III.

Haste, my lads, forget the trouble,
Join the Reapers' merry song,
While across the crackling stubble,
Moves the loaded cart along.

IV.

Then with whistling, laughing, joking,
Bear the golden sheaves away—
While the harvest supper smoaking,
Shall your honest toils repay.

A facetious song by Isaac, introduced in Mr. Sheridan's opera called the Duenna, is extremely lively and characteristic. The allusion to the dell and dimple is delightfully arch, and Isaac's indifference to the colour, though solicitous for the *dual* number of his mistress's eyes, is truly laughable.—P. Folio.

Give Isaac the nymph, who no beauty can
boast,
But health and good humour to make her his
toast,
If straight I don't mind, whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for
that.
Whate'er her complexion—I vow I don't care,
If brown—it is lasting—more pleasing, if fair,
And though in her cheeks I no dimples should
see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.
Let her locks be the reddest that ever were
seen,
And her eyes may be of any colour—but
green;
For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.
'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own are genteeler than
black,
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
I only desire she may'n't have a beard.

THE DART.

OFT when I look, I may descry,
A little face peep through that eye;
Sure that's the boy, which wisely chose
His throne among such beams as those,
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May serve for darts to kill withal.

ON A PALE LADY.

Whence comes it that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?—
Is it, because the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

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